

# THE NEW SOUTH.

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## THE NEW SOUTH.

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### POETRY.

[Written for *The New South*.]

#### THE SOUTH.

Beautiful land, where the bountiful sun  
Blesses the bond of savannah and sea,  
Neither so lovely, till blended in one  
Each to the other shall complement be.  
Magical dews, that the tropical day  
Kisses to rapturous odor and hue,  
Laurel and myrtle and orange and bay,  
Purple and emerald, golden and blue.

Yonder indigenous endogenous wave  
Banner-like blades on a mystical bole,  
And, with a vigor perennial, brave  
Boreal blasts from the alien pole.  
Over the plaited palmettos abroad,  
Browned like Briareus, century-old,  
Grimly magnificent evergreen and  
Realm of the greenwood the live-oak doth hold.

Tempests the thunderous foliage toss—  
Locks of the Deity, wizard and hoar,  
Awful sighs the oracular moss—  
Art thou incarnate Dodona of yore?  
Dead generations rejoiced at thy birth,  
Peoples have flourished to power with thee,  
Cities have leaped from thy generous girth,  
Art of the shore and the ark of the sea.

O these soft isles of the summery sea!  
Ange's, their daintiest prisms composing,  
Turn the kaleidoscope, watching, with glee,  
Every moment new glories disclosing.  
Land of the beautiful, bountiful land!  
Sweet is the blossom, but sweeter the boon  
Flowers are bright and their odors are bland  
Oh but the fruits of the tropical noon!

And the delicious chorusses—hush!  
Mocking bird, whippoorwill, nonpareil,  
Nightingale, killdeer and passionate thrush,  
Fringed by the petrel's tempestuous peal.  
Tribes of the sea how ye cherish these shores,  
Meeting in wild multitudinous play,  
Muscles rejoice in the succulent pores,  
Crabs and soft shrimps epicurean prey.

What do the elves of the sun and the sea  
Cunningly comb from the glistening sands?  
Is it the fleece of a sorcery  
Wilder than wilder the Argonaut bands?  
Magical mesh to entangle the world,  
Commerce, religion, philosophy, art  
Liberty, peace from their pedestal hurled—  
Cotton the Tyrant of manor and mart!

Ominous plant, thou shalt never again,  
Ghost of the tears and the blood of the slave,  
Phantom of knout-welded corpses of men—  
Stalk like a Ghoul, with the gust of the Grave;  
For there's a judgment, wherever hath trod  
Blistering foot of the bondman, and earth  
Gapes to develop the vengeance of God,  
Ruin and rapine and ravage and dearth.

This is the Land of divinest Delight,  
Riches of rapture in every ray,  
Gold of the morning and amber of night,  
Passionate peace—nought to take it away.  
This is the Land that the Serpent of sin  
Seeks to beguile of a Provident God,  
This is the Land that His servants shall win—  
*Liberty's Eden from Slavery's rod.*

### Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20th, 1862.

The *Ericsson* sails to-morrow, and I must pay my compliments to *THE NEW SOUTH*, a little paper so appreciated among brother journalists here. We are just now laboring under the bewilderment peculiar to a people who have for more than a week been goaded on by expectancy that our army was making glory and smashing up rebellion. To-night we are in a "fog." Only our dreams have been of glory. True, our brave volunteers have fought as heroes never before contended, but General McClellan has, once more, allowed the enemy to slip, and this good-natured nation is satisfied with the buncomb that Maryland and Pennsylvania are safe. Governor Curtin and his people however saved their own State. Harper's Ferry was given up because Maryland Heights had been abandoned, and Maryland Heights were abandoned because Harper's Ferry could be held under their guns. Of this it is charitable to say "what stupidity!" Well, the foe has invaded our country, and is now, we expect, falling back upon Winchester for stores, ammunition, &c. God appears to be working wonderfully and mightily with this Nation. Never in my life did I hear so many acknowledgments of God's Providence, as I have within the past few months, and among a class of men not likely to speak seriously under ordinary circumstances.

The Ironsides Regiment, now organizing here, is under the wing of the N. Y. Young Men's Christian Association, and is doing well.

The Rev. Mr. French and Robert Small addressed a crowded and enthusiastic congregation in Dr. Cheever's Church last Sunday evening.

Politics begin to be the theme among the Home Guard, Patriotism having been partially shelved till the place-hunters shall have secured themselves, or buried themselves in defeat.

Mr. Smalley's letter in to-day's *Tribune*, which was published in an extra, written from the battlefield of Sharpsburg, is highly complimented by the *Evening Post*, which says, that as an effort in the literature of the war, it surpasses Crimean Russell.

I must commend you to the newspaper files for much useful information of a local character which I intended to write about. If all is well, I shall try what can be done for *THE NEW SOUTH* next mail.

OLD NORTH.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT US.—The favor with which *THE NEW SOUTH* has been received by this Command, and the flattering terms in which it has been noticed by many influential papers at the North, are very gratifying. Such unmistakable approbation encourages us to stronger efforts with the object of making each issue more creditable and useful than the former. Local news should be the prominent feature of a journal like *THE NEW SOUTH*, but the distribution of our forces over so large a territory renders it difficult, unaided, to collect such information. Will not, therefore, some kindly-disposed and public-spirited persons, at Beaufort, Fort Pulaski, St. Augustine, Fernandina, Key West, and on the plantations, be good enough to assist us by forwarding memoranda of any occurrences which may be of sufficient interest for publication? Of the numerous paragraphs referring to us we reprint the following:

*THE NEW SOUTH*.—A little weekly paper has been started at Hilton Head, S. C., called *THE NEW SOUTH*, which will be conducted in the interest of Freedom. It will endeavor to give a faithful picture of life afloat and ashore in its locality, together with a synopsis of news on the arrival of each steamer from the North. It believes in the capability of the negroes for improvement and usefulness and the philanthropic enterprise now being worked out in the Department of the South, will find an earnest friend in it.—*N. Y. Trib. ne.*

FROM PORT ROYAL.—*THE NEW SOUTH* is the title of a sheet, about fifteen by eighteen inches in size, which is published at Port Royal, S. C.,

every Saturday morning, at 5 cents per copy. Its assortment of miscellaneous reading displays good judgment, its collation of local news industry, and its editorial page more sense and spirit, without the vehemence, than the newspapers of Charleston and Columbia combined. That so small a sheet should be marked with so many excellencies is sufficiently explained by the fact that its editor is a graduate of the *Times* office.—*N. Y. Times.*

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Sept. 8.

I send you another number of *THE NEW SOUTH*, containing most of the local news. We Port Royalists are quite proud of our little paper, and its circulation is most creditable. About four thousand copies are printed. Do you believe that any other paper south of the Potomac has as large a circulation?—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

*THE NEW SOUTH*.—We have received several numbers of this excellent little record, published at Port Royal, S. C. It is tastefully and carefully gotten up, and in the original articles we recognize an ability and skill in the use of language, which we very often fail to find in the columns of more pretentious contemporaries.—*New Rochelle (N. Y.) Pioneer.*

POST OFFICE BORES.—When a large mail arrives like that brought on Thursday by the *Ericsson*, consisting of 18,000 letters and 26 bags of newspapers, it is inconsiderate of officers and others to lay siege to the post-office in the manner that they do. At best, the facilities for assorting and distributing are very inadequate, and the work is retarded more than outsiders imagine when a troop of shoulder-strapped gentlemen stand inside the cramped precincts as intently as though they were repelling a bayonet charge. Of course, everybody is anxious to obtain his letters, but there is no necessity to be selfish about it, when a little patience will materially lessen the labors of the clerks and hasten the distribution. We are led reluctantly to speak of this matter because on Thursday we observed a disposition on the part of a few to take advantage of the unavoidable absence of the Postmaster, and make themselves as annoying as possible to Mr. Johnson, his representative. Gentlemen you did wrong, and your own good sense will make you admit the charge.

A TRI-WEEKLY PRAYER MEETING.—We are glad to call attention to the fact that a few Christian men in this command have established a prayer-meeting, which is held every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday evening at the large tent, formerly Gen. Sherman's headquarters, commencing at 7 o'clock. In these days of national calamity and distraction, when man's trust in man seems well-nigh lost, and even the most unthinking of us is compelled to look to God for deliverance from our enemies, the opportunity which these meetings afford for fraternal and united prayer cannot be too highly valued. The exercises are conducted without formality, and in that spirit of freedom, which is always characteristic of true Christianity.

CAPTURE OF SCOUTS.—Three of the enemy's scouts made their way from the main land to Port Royal Island in the early part of the week, and on Wednesday evening they fell into the hands of our pickets. The prisoners were taken to Gen. Brannan's Headquarters and questioned, but their statements are not received with much confidence. They failed to get back to the main land, in consequence of having ineffectually concealed the boat in which they had crossed.

PRESENTATION TO COLONEL RICH.—The officers and privates of the 9th Maine Regiment now stationed at Fernandina, Fla., testified the high appreciation in which they hold Col. Rishworth Rich, their commanding officer, by presenting him with a valuable sword and elegant horse equipments. The scabbard of the sword is of solid silver, and the mountings are a splendid specimen of the silversmith's art. The saddle-cloth and trappings are embroidered with gold and the spurs are of costly workmanship. The presentation speech was eloquently made by Major Sabine Emery, and the affair was creditable alike to donors and recipient.